make him surly, to confuse him, and to weaken his confidence in himself. However, our men were, on this occasion, in good spirits, indulging themselves in more or. less jocose curses on the enemy who had disturbed them. Soon General Hooker rode up—as it seemed to me in a somewhat excited state of mind—and ordered me to hurry my division to the relief of Geary. This was the order I had expected. Instantly I put myself at the head of Tyndale's brigade, which was the nearest at hand, and marched *off* on the road to Wauhatchie, sending my chief-of-staff to my other two brigades, with the order to follow me. The moon shone brightly, only now and then obscured by passing clouds. We could see ahead on the open ground tolerably well. But the shadows of the dense woods we entered were all the darker. Having thrown out a skirmish line to the front, and flanking parties toward the hills, we pressed on with the utmost possible expedition on the road, which was very bad. The musketry fire ahead of us at Wau-hatchie grew more lively and was punctuated with occasional discharges of artillery which, to judge from the sound, came from Geary's battery. Evidently, Geary was hard pressed, and we accelerated our speed. We had advanced only a few hundred yards when we received a heavy volley of musketry from one of the darkly wooded hills on our left. One of my aides, riding by my side, was wounded and had to be carried

to the rear. Several men in the marching column were also hit. Without orders some scattering shots were fired in reply from our side, which were promptly stopped, and we pushed on without delay, anxious as I was to reach Geary, and confident that our forces behind would at once take care of the enemy on my left and rear who had tried to molest us. This, indeed, was done by a brigade of the second division which in splendid style stormed and cleared the hill from which the